

Scruffy by CasaByers

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, PWP, Sex, Some Fluff, but tbh it;s just smutt, i mean some plot, pretty much charlie with scruffy face is porn

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Summary:

Nancy thinks Jonathan looks scruffy.

Scruffy

Author's Note:

inspired by Charlie Heaton looking cute af with his scruffy look. did i accomplish that? we shall see. and i don't know how good this is.

Nancy blew out the candle, and then lit it again, blew it out. Then she looked around at the other lit candles. She sighed and re-lit the candle. She looked around the apartment, fluffed a pillow on the sofa and then fluffed it again. She didn't know why she was so nervous... it was only Jonathan. Only Jonathan... after she hadn't seen him for almost two weeks, he'd been camping with Will, Mike and Hopper.

It was the first time in three years, five if she counted before they graduated high school, and she did, that they were apart for so long. They were both going to college in New York and had been living together since leaving Hawkins. And today he was getting back. She couldn't wait to hug him, hold him, kiss him. She sat down on the couch and let out a calming breath.

It was just past 1am, she was on the couch, watching I Love Lucy reruns, when she heard the sound of keys in the lock, heart racing, she stood up and waited.

The door opened slowly he was trying to be quiet, and then he froze when he saw her there.

"hey."

"hey." She replied.

As he closed the door a second later he had Nancy in his arms, his back hitting the door with a thud, his arms wrapping around her as her legs wrapped around his waist.

She was pressing kisses to his face, arms around his neck, hands in his hair.

Jonathan held her, just let her cover him kisses, savoring it. when she

finally just settled on hugging him, he pressed his face into her neck and breathed in.

“I guess you missed me?” he asked into her neck, chuckling lightly.

Nancy pulled back and looked into his eyes, “yes.’ She said before she placed both of her hands on his face and pressed a kiss to his lips finally.

He fell back against the door again, kissing her back, he had plans to start walking them back to the bedroom. And then she pulled away.

“What’s this?” she asked as she brushed her thumbs on his upper lip. Her hands moved slightly over the scruffy beard he had on his chin, he couldn’t grow a full one, but enough had grown to give him a very different look. She looked at him with it, felt it under her hands, her legs slid from around him, she landed on the floor lightly.

“Oh yeah, it was annoying to try and shave while I was there, so I stopped, I’ll shave right now.” Jonathan said quickly, “it’s annoying anyway.” He scratched at his cheek a little bit.

He bent to pick up his bag by the door, and pressed a kiss to her cheek.

Nancy leaned into it, she looked him over, he was wearing his flannel, had on his dark jacket, looked scruffy and like he’d been outdoors for two weeks.

Something in her pulsed.

She gently grabbed his hand and stopped him from walking, “you can shave after.” Nancy whispered.

Jonathan arched an eyebrow, “after what?” he asked.

Nancy just pulled him by his hand back to their bedroom. the door slammed shut.

Nancy pushed his jacket off his shoulders, “you look really scruffy.” Nancy whispered.

Jonathan grinned a little bit, “that’s why I was going to shave...” he said it in a low voice.

“I kinda like you scruffy.” Nancy gently tugged on his flannel to pull him towards the bed. He went willingly and easily.

“yeah?” Jonathan asked as he kicked off his boots and walked with her.

“yes... I like it a lot.” She whispered as she collapsed on the bed, pulling him on top of her.

Jonathan nuzzled her neck and Nancy gasped and then she sighed happily.

“you really like it...” Jonathan said against her skin before he pressed a kiss there, he sat up on his knees and started to take his shirt off.

Nancy reached up, “leave it on?” she asked, hopeful.

Jonathan paused, “sure,” Nancy smiled and then she pulled her own shirt over her head.

Collapsing on the mattress again, Jonathan was over her again, this time kissing her lips. He settled his jean clad hips between her thighs and she pulled his full weight on top of herself. His lips moved to her neck and where he nuzzled her and then pressed soft kisses.

Her fingers in his hair, Nancy wasn’t sure if it was because she hadn’t seen him in 10 days or if she was just really turned on by his scruff, either way, she was slowly coming undone.

Jonathan pressed kisses down the center of her chest, she giggled when his chin brushed her soft skin, so he made sure to rub her lightly again, another giggle and he grinned before he took one of her nipples into his mouth and sucked her gently. Her back bowed off the bed and her hands tightened in his hair.

She didn’t even realize that she was pushing his head gently down. He took the cue and pressed a soft kiss to her tummy. Nuzzled it and then made sure to tickle her soft skin with his scruff.

“Jonathan,” Nancy gasped, she looked down and met his gaze, he kept watching her as he slowly kissed his way down her tummy, kissing her belly button and rubbing his face against the soft skin under her belly button.

Nancy didn't wait for him, she raised her butt off the bed and pushed her own panties down her legs. Jonathan sat back just enough to help her, he pressed a kiss to the inside of her knee and grinned when she let out a giggle.

“are you going to keep tickling me?” Nancy asked, he knew she was ticklish there.

“Depends if you keep laughing so cutely,” Jonathan whispered as he kissed her inner thigh.

Nancy was about to reply, but she felt his lips press a kiss to her center. “oh my god... yes,” she whispered as she nearly melted into the sheets.

Jonathan was good at a lot of things, this was one of them, he was exceptional, she was being honest. And tonight, had the bonus of her thighs rubbing against his scruffy face and his chin and upper lip tickling her whenever he moved.

His tongue slipped out and he growled as he took her taste. Her hands tight in his hair, he started to alternate between lapping her up, and sucking on her clit.

Nancy was so close, and when he wrapped his lips around her clit and sucked hard, she finally came, her hips tried to get away from him, her back arched and she let out a loud gasp. her clit pulsed against his tongue as he gently lapped at her.

“fuck, Jonathan...” Nancy sounded happy and satisfied. She smiled, her eyes still closed, one hand behind her head the other resting on her tummy.

Jonathan pressed a kiss to her tummy before he moved back up, hovering over her body.

Nancy opened her eyes and ran her hands down his chest, she smiled

up at him as she undid his belt and unzipped his jeans. She kept eye contact with him as she reached into his boxers and stroked him.

“Nancy...” he breathed out, keeping his eyes locked on hers and gritting his teeth. She smiled sweetly at him before she reached with her free hand and tugged on his collar to pull his lips closer, she kissed him gently and then she whispered in his ear.

Jonathan’s eyes grew wider and his breathing grew deeper. “Nance...” he let out softly.

Nancy pecked his lips once more before she gently pushed him back just enough, she moved until she was on her tummy.

Jonathan leaned down, close to her ear, “you really do like me scruffy.” His voice was low, and he pressed a kiss to the back of her neck. And nuzzled his way down her back, Nancy bowed her back as he did.

He helped her get onto her knees, her face pressed into the pillow. Jonathan was on his knees, he gently gripped her hip with one hand and held himself in his other as he slipped the tip of his dick inside of her.

Nancy let out a soft whimper, tender from his actions earlier, Jonathan grunted low. Nancy moved back, taking him all the way in and prompting Jonathan to start to thrust.

He tipped his head back, eyes closed, one hand still on her back as he kept a steady rhythm. Nancy met each of his thrusts as she back up into him.

He could feel her walls begin to ripple and he started to go faster, using both hands on her hips, he picked up speed as he felt like he was close.

Nancy let him take over, she was close too. “faster.” She begged.

Jonathan lost rhythm and stuttered to a stop as Nancy’s walls squeezed him tight, holding him inside her. He came seconds later.

Jonathan slipped out of her carefully and he collapsed next to her on

the bed.

Both panting loudly, Nancy was still on her tummy as she looked at him, she smiled.

Jonathan looked at her, "I should nit shave more often."

Nancy couldn't help but let out a small laugh.

...

Nancy was sitting on the bathroom counter, kicking her feet lightly, wearing Jonathan's flannel shirt, her hair was up. She was watching as Jonathan finished putting shaving cream on his face, he had a towel around his waist, they had just finished a shower.

"okay, this shouldn't take long." Jonathan said as he looked in the mirror, he had his razor in his hand.

Nancy reached over and took the razor from his grip, she gently pushed him away from the sink, she opened her legs and he stepped between them. "we don't have to." Jonathan shook his head.

Nancy smiled in her flirty way before she proceeded to take the razor and gently start to shave his face. She was taking her time with drawing the razor through the shaving cream and rinsing the end off in the sink.... And pressing a kiss to his lips between each shave.

It took longer, but Jonathan was finally clean shaven. He didn't have time to admire it, for he had Nancy wrapped around him. His hips were gently thrusting into her as she had her legs wrapped around him, their lips locked as they concealed their mutual whimpers and cries.

Needless to say, Jonathan let his facial hair grow more often than before.

Fin.

